

THE REMINISCENCES OF CARL SCHURZ

tain torrents, full of boulders, large and small. The artillery horses could not possibly pull their pieces and caissons over these obstacles. They had to be unhitched, and infantry detachments were called upon to help the artillerymen lift their guns and appurtenances over the rocks. This operation had to be repeated several times during the day. Thus the marching column was stopped time and again without affording the soldiers any real rest. On the contrary, such irregular stoppages for an uncertain length of time are apt to annoy and fatigue the marching men all the more. At last, toward dusk of the evening, I struck on our route a large meadow-ground through which a clear stream of water flowed. There was plenty of wood for fires near by. The spot seemed to be made for camping. My orders as to how far I was to march, were not quite definite. I was to receive further instructions on the way. My troops having been on their feet from early morning and having marched under the difficulties described, were tired beyond measure. They just dragged themselves painfully along. I resolved to rest them on this favored spot if permitted, and dispatched a staff officer to corps-headquarters, two or three miles ahead, to obtain that permission. Meanwhile, waiting for an answer which I did not doubt would be favorable, camping places were assigned to the different brigades.

After the lapse of about an hour, when a large part of my command had come in and were beginning to build fires and to prepare such food as they had, my officer returned from corps-headquarters with the positive order that I must, without loss of time, continue my march and proceed about three miles farther, where a camping place would be assigned to me. I thought there must be some mistake, as, according to reports, there was no enemy within many miles, and I dispatched a